

THE EXAMINER. "PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD." LOUISVILLE KY.: SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849. WHOLE NUMBER 102.

VOLUME 11. THE EXAMINER: Published on Wednesday, next door but one to the Post Office. TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SIX COPIES FOR TEN DOLLARS. PAUL SEYMOUR, PROPRIETOR.

From the "Examiner." During the last year, Mr. Archibald Prentice, a member of the British Home League, and editor of the Manchester (Eng.) Times, made a visit to this country, and, since his return, has published a very clever book on what he saw and heard in England. The political and social condition of that country, as well as the state of the English press, are fully and ably exposed in the English private.

Mr. Prentice's book is a very valuable contribution to the knowledge of the English people. It is a book that every one who is interested in the condition of the English people should read. It is a book that every one who is interested in the condition of the English people should read.

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from poverty. A decent house to live in, sheds for horses, that they may be sold in the morning when wanted, instead of being hunted for through the long wet prairie grass, would save many a fit of ague, and many long hours of deep despondency.

The Ohio at Louisville is of magnificent width, and the rapids, though obstructing its navigation, add much to its beauty. It was something to say, "We have sailed more than six hundred miles down a river, and we might continue our river voyage for fifteen hundred more!" The immensity of this inland navigation gave a deep interest even to the bare names and figures in a little two penny map of the Ohio which we had purchased. The person helped the imagination to realize the vastness of the distance through which this placid river rolled its waters to the ocean.

We left Louisville on Wednesday, June 21. The wheat harvest had commenced and everywhere the scythe was at work. On our return to Cincinnati we had the opportunity of seeing a part of the river which we had, the week before, passed in the dark, and of observing evidences of progress on both sides of the river. Every body, slave and free, agreed that the free States of Indiana and Ohio on the one side of the river were making for more rapid strides than the slave State of Kentucky on the other. Land is higher in price, labor is better, demand, and population more rapidly advancing. The one is nearly stationary in its agriculture, commerce and manufactures; the others are advancing at a pace which astonishes even Americans, accustomed as they are to see things "go ahead."

The State of Ohio, which, sixty years ago, had not a dozen white inhabitants, has now a population of nearly two millions, and in ten years more will rank next to the State of New York; and Indiana, which, fifty years ago, was almost unknown, has now nearly a million of inhabitants. On the other side of the river the population of Kentucky, an old State, and of unexampled fertility, has not yet a million. To the one no immigrants find their way, but the plodding Germans; to the others, the tide of immigration is constantly flowing, promising soon to make both States the most populous in the Union.

As the representation in Congress is regulated by the numbers of inhabitants, Ohio and Indiana are rapidly increasing in representative power, while the slave States of Kentucky and Virginia are rapidly diminishing in relative political importance. These facts cannot but suggest serious considerations to the slave-owners. A Virginia gentleman, bitterly opposed to the abolitionists, and holding that the negroes were a race intended by the Creator to be the slaves of the more gifted and intellectual whites, told me that he had serious thoughts of selling his property in Virginia and investing his money in land in Indiana. "In my own State," he said, "in twenty years my property may be worth nothing. In Indiana, it might probably be increased five fold."

Mr. Kingsbury, who received after my connection with the Watchman had expired, I am anxious, in fairness to the writer, to see inserted in your columns. Mr. Kingsbury's case having been repeatedly brought before the readers of the Watchman, it is but just that he should be permitted fully to define his position. The spirit in which he does it is unexceptionable. I have seen nothing else that quarrels with his own and his sentiments on the subject of slavery in so fair a light before the abolition community. The letter bears strong and decided testimony against slaveholding. The writer utterly rejects all involuntary servitude. He is in favor of progress in the world to lead that free. They will require also in the evidence which it furnishes of an enlightened and sensitive conscience on the sin of slaveholding. To be accused of it, is justly regarded as a grievous charge. That is just as it should be. On another point, too, his heart appears to be right. In a private letter to myself, he says of "brother Cable, I love him the better for his determined opposition to slavery. That is the right spirit. I have sincerely towards those whose open, and active opposition to it manifests the deep sympathy of their hearts in the same feeling, even though we may think them unwise in the manner of their opposition."

containing the extract of that letter did not reach me. I presume there could be nothing in the published part of it, which is not in the copy I retained. I know not from whence Br. Cable derived my confession—surely not from my letter to Mr. Slocomb. Permit me again to state the case, just as it occurred, and just as I meant to be understood in what I before wrote.

A slave, whom I knew to be true, worthy, entreated me again and again to liberate him from bondage. He proposed that if I would pay the amount demanded by his master, he would work for me until he was repaid. I had but small means of my own, but I was willing to risk what I had, that I might give liberty to this black man. Had he died, or become disabled, I must have lost what I advanced on his account.

I made the contract for the services of the man with himself, and not with his master. I then paid the master the sum demanded, and took of him a bill of sale in the legal form. This I retained, as much for the security of the liberated man, as for my own. The bill of sale was no better to me than a note of hand, for which I would willingly have exchanged it at any time, so far as I was concerned. His service for me was by contract with himself, and not by virtue of the bill of sale. For every hour he worked for me, I paid him its full value, according to agreement made between him and myself.

Now, Br. Goodman, do you call this slavery? and do you call me a slaveholder? I have always supposed that involuntary servitude was an essential element of slavery. Am I mistaken? Can there be slavery where there is no involuntary servitude? I have never held a human being as a chattel. I have, if you please to call it so, bought slaves out of bondage, but I never sold one, and would not for a globe of gold. Nor were those I ransomed in any danger of being sold, in case of my sudden decease. All the claim I ever had to their services was by virtue of the agreement made with themselves. While living with me, they were under no restrictions other than other hired laborers. And to some of them I granted privileges, which I never gave to white laborers.

Had I not regarded the cries of the oppressed, had I been deaf to the entreaties of those who sought to me for deliverance from bondage, I might have escaped the reproaches that have been laid upon me. But I desire not to be deterred from doing good to my suffering fellow-men, because my acts or my motives, or both, may be misunderstood and misrepresented. I would not wish to wound the feelings of any who may differ from me as to the best way of doing good; but if it could be done with safety both to the slaves and to their owners, I should rejoice to have it in my power to do to liberate every slave in the United States, even if it could be done in no better way than those were liberated, about whom so much has been said.

To show the importance of a bill of sale, where slaves are liberated and are to remain in this country, I will give a single instance, out of many similar ones that might be adduced. An eminently pious black woman, a member of my Church, who bore her death to secure the liberty of her youngest son, then a small lad, she and her husband had acquired some property, and they gave it all to purchase their son. And that he might be secured in the enjoyment of liberty, they took a bill of sale, giving to themselves the ownership of their son. This instrument was stolen from the father after the mother's death, by one of the heirs of the boy's former mistress.

A single extract will show how badly I have succeeded. In a letter addressed to me last May, by an influential and leading man of this nation, he says: "You are a Northern man, and meddle yourself too much about the doctrine of abolition, which we condemn. With this doctrine, you will divide us among the Christians, and stop the good work of God, by chilling the hearts of the Church Christians."

This extract clearly shows how my course relative to slavery is viewed by those who are on the ground, and who see and know what I do. Those who live six hundred or thousand miles distant, form their judgment in many cases, from vague and often incorrect reports as happening to reach them.

Yours truly, C. Kingsbury. Pine Ridge, Choctaw Nation, March 12, 1849. Uncultivated Land in Massachusetts. It is said that the 1,192,000 acres of land in this State, available for cultivation in some form, only 260,000 acres, or six and a half per cent, are under tillage; the remaining ninety-three and a half per cent, consisting of woodlands, meadows, swamps, pastures, etc.

Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad. The individual subscriptions to the stock of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Pittsburgh, amount to upwards of 4,000 shares. The committee expect the same will shortly be increased to 6,000 shares, or equal to \$300,000. Altogether the subscriptions amount to over one million of dollars, which secures the charter.

ANNIVERSARIES. From the New York Tribune. The 12th Anniversary Celebration of the Society was held in the Meeting-house of the Oliver-st Baptist Church yesterday. The exercises were opened by reading from the Scriptures (66 Isaiah) by Rev. W. Osmond, a returned Missionary from Burmah, after which was followed by a hymn.

Wm. Colgate, Esq. Treasurer, presented his report to the Society, from which we gather that for the past year the Receipts were \$29,840 56 Balance due the Treasurer, April, 6, 1848 887 12 Disbursements 38,321 79 Balance in the Treasury, April 5, 1849 631 95 Total \$29,840 56 After the reading of the Treasurer's Report, the Society was addressed by Dr. S. H. Cox—He said the report of the Treasury which has just been read, shows us that our means have increased by several thousand dollars the last year and the benefits promulgated by the Society have also increased. The managers of your Society are worthy of all praise, and the Board, thank God, have not been lessened by the death of any one of its members. We may say now, as we did at first—if God is for us we care not who is against us. We therefore need not fear what man can do against us, if we are founded on truth and righteousness. We may firmly believe that our motto—the translation of the Bible, will be the motto of all desiring the universal understanding of the word of truth. In no part have our printing presses been stopped for want of funds—this year there will be a greater demand, especially in the printing and distributing of the Bible in Korea and China. Our dear brother Oakes (the Missionary in Germany) now demands not hundreds of Bibles but thousands of Testaments—two thousands, but tens of thousands. He has sent us a report of his action, demanding a large supply, to which we have replied by the adopting of 3,000 Bibles for this holy work. My friends, I could well occupy your time for a half-hour or an hour by the recital of the good actions of, and bright hopes for our Society. When we see thousands of French, Welsh, Irish and Germans flocking nearly to our country, you at once see the wide and glorious field before us. And here let me remark: we need not stop to say what our Society does more than another, for I find that all the Methodist, Episcopal and Friends Bible Associations, notwithstanding all their efforts, there are people still waiting for the Bible. Then let us unite, with heart and soul, to all that God requires at our hands.

Life Members, and 22 Directors added to the lists. Rev. THOMAS ARMITAGE rose to move the adoption of the Report of the Board. The success which that report engenders in the heart of the widow and orphan, the father and mother, will spend a flame which shall light up the domes of the Christian Church. It is great for mind, subtle, and deep to contend with matter, but is greater far for mind to contend with mind. The Rev. gentleman addressed the meeting at some length.

BROTHER DRAKE seconded the resolution. Rev. Mr. SOMERS, in the absence of Elder R. L. Coleman, moved the following resolution: Resolved, That it is the privilege and duty of all who cherish a proper regard for the moral apostolic form of the ordinances of Christ, to unite in maintaining, and rendering efficient, the efforts of a Society that procures, as its single object, the circulation of the sacred Scriptures in their purity.

This, said the Rev. gentleman, is a Society that goes out originally, and prosecuted to its present result with the one and indivisible idea—to the spreading of the Bible. God grant us the day when we shall have the Bible universally spread, and a translation of it so that all can understand, free from the shackles of a sectional rendering. The field of the world is open before us, and the mountainous obstacles which were visible in our young days, Mr. President, have dissolved before perseverance.

BROTHER PORTER, of Mass., seconded the resolution with great pleasure, and wished to take this opportunity to bear testimony to the excellence of the Society, which was certainly beckoned into life by the hand of Jesus Christ—a Society which, though young in years, is hoary in wisdom. The motion was passed. Brother WASS, returned Missionary from Burmah, in the absence of Rev. E. Kincaid, moved a resolution to the following effect: Resolved, That this Society, whose glory consists in—according to Divine authority, taking no lessons from human creeds, and knowing no standard but that which the Holy Spirit has given, (the hat that has an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches,) by its persevering and successful endeavors to give to the heathen the Sacred Scriptures faithfully translated, commends itself to the sympathies and liberality of all who love the truth and desire its circulation.

He along with other missionaries had gone forth among the heathen, and what could have been done without the Bible, and we were rejoiced when a faithful translation was ready to enlighten the Pagan and the Infidel. Brother Wade continued to address the meeting some time, after which the motion was seconded and passed.

Anniversary of the Evangelical Alliance. This Society held its anniversary Thursday night, at 7 1/2 o'clock in the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Fourth Street and Lafayette-place. After prayer by Rev. Dr. SKENNER, Rev. Dr. PARKER reported to the meeting. He stated the Christian Union, published by Mr. Hewston and edited by Dr. Bailey had greatly added the objects of the Society. In the last year, there had been formed three Auxiliary Societies—one in the Northwest district including North Pennsylvania, one in Philadelphia and the other in Troy. They had no agency as yet, except what they had during the last month, in which Rev. Mr. Beech, of the Presbyterian Church, circulated their tracts, and extended their organization.

Rev. Dr. CHEEVER then appeared. In commencing he referred to the state of affairs in Europe, which had been commented upon by most of the Societies now holding their meetings in this city. None of these Societies, however, equalled the Evangelical Alliance in the importance of its aims. There was said to be a Holy Alliance in Europe to restore the Pope to his supremacy. The difference between that alliance and this would be pointed out. The Dr. then read a number of Scriptural passages to prove that the Church of Rome was the harlot of Babylon mentioned in Revelations, and that the time was at hand when both the Pope and the church, of which he was the head, should be utterly destroyed. In the book of Revelation, the beast was represented as opening his mouth and speaking, after receiving his mortal wound. The Pope had opened his mouth at Gaeta, and asserted his dominion over all Christendom. But his prayers were vain, for his days were numbered. The army of intervention would be destroyed with him, when God poured out the vials of his wrath, and the adulterous union of Church and State, whether in Italy or in England, would be overturned. Christ has said that his Kingdom was not of this world. The Pope, who claims to be his Vicar, has declared that his kingdom is of this world, and that he must have it, and his servants will fight for him. France has proved herself, by the assistance she was giving the Pope, to be one of the frogs described in prophecy. She had sent brandy and priests to the Sandwich Islands, and waged hostilities for Popery against their Christian Queen. Nor were the wanderings after the beast confined to Europe, for here, in this Republic country, Protestant writers were found who advocated the restoration of the Papacy by force of arms to Italy, that beautiful country, which had been so long priest-ridden and down-trodden by the mystery of iniquity. Dr. Cheever concluded by commenting rather severely upon a passage in the Freeman's Journal.

He was followed by Rev. Dr. KENNEDY, of Philadelphia, who began by calling attention to the Society as a grand platform on which Christians of all denominations might meet. He had been greatly struck with the reply of an Arab of the desert to the traveler Stephens, who asked him who was his master? The former, looking up to Heaven, said: "God is my master!" How beautiful from a child of Nature! How much more beautiful from a child of God! Lord Littleton has said that the spirit of hell and of heaven could not be more remote from each other than the spirit of bigotry and true piety. He had always been a member of that church of which he had heard so much to-night; but when he was a little boy he met with the Bible, in whose upborne pages he found embodied the ennobling vigor of truth. He would never forget those throbbings of heart he felt, fifteen years ago, when Dr. Skinner prayed, as he did to-night, that they might all be one.

Rev. Dr. COV, of Brooklyn, followed. After recommending the Christian Union, the organ of the Society, he proceeded to speak of that text of Scripture in which Peter was mentioned as the Rock of the Church. He also announced the coming of Rev. Baptist Noel to this country. As he concluded his short address and Rev. Mr. Barnard was about commencing the report of the valley, fired by the soldiers in Astor place, was heard, and the meeting became confused, and was suspended in a few minutes.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Meeting in behalf of the A. B. C. F. M. was held yesterday morning at the Tabernacle—the regular Anniversary not occurring until September)—Hon. THOMAS BORN FREELIGHTER in the Chair, and a very large attendance. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. COV. Mr. FREELIGHTER opened the exercises with a few appropriate remarks. Rev. Dr. POSEY then read a general statement of the results of the year, from which we extract the following particulars: Missions of the American Board are in operation among the Indians in Lower Canada, in Western New York, among the Ojibwas, the Sioux, the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Pawnees, in the Oregon Territory, the Sandwich Islands, at Fou Chan, Amoy and Canton, in China, in the Island of Borneo, at Madras, Madura, Ceylon, Bombay, Ahmednager, Orissa, in Persia, at Enzoon, Trebizond, Constantinople, Broussa, Smyrna and Salonica; at Athens, Beyroot, Mount Lebanon, in South Africa, and on the Gaboon River, just under the Equator, on the Western side of that dark continent. The Missions thus encircling the globe are shedding, it is believed, some light upon the benighted Nations.

In September last, the number of Missionaries, Assistant Missionaries and native helpers in the employ of the Board, was 557. Since that time, 15 Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries, with their wives—making 30 persons—have been sent into the field, some to India, some to Africa, and some to the Turkish Empire. Several deaths have occurred in the Missionary ranks, among which, particular mention was made of that of Rev. Wm J. Polkman, of the Amoy Mission in China, whose sudden departure is a severe loss to the Missions in that part of the world, and has sent a pang through many hearts in this country. Mr. Polkman had secured the esteem and confidence of the Prudential Committee in a high degree. The Board has now under its care 75 Churches, with 26,000 members. There are 12 Seminaries for training native preachers and teachers; 18 other boarding-schools; 302 free schools; whole number of pupils under instruction, about 12,000. The schools at the Sandwich Islands do not come into this account, being provided for by the Government of the Islands. It has eleven printing establishments, with facilities for printing in nearly thirty languages.

The financial condition of the Board is not in all respects what might be desired; yet it is such as to inspire its friends with good courage. At the last meeting of the Board, there was a debt of \$60,000. Toward the liquidation of this debt, \$46,000 have been pledged, of which \$39,000 have been paid in. The ordinary receipts, irrespective of the debt, for the nine months of the financial year ending April 30, amounted to \$178,387—making the total receipts for nine months \$217,000. It is believed that the affairs of the Board, as a whole, have at no period of its history, presented a more encouraging and hopeful aspect than at this moment. God, in His providence, is very evidently saying, "Go up and possess the land." Intelligence has been received of the outpouring of the Spirit upon the Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin, on the Gaboon Mission, on some of the Missions at the Sandwich Islands, and in a very remarkable manner upon the Nestorians of Persia. Rev. Dr. Scott, of New Jersey, was the first invited speaker of the morning. He was fully persuaded that a series of special providences is attending the spread of the Gospel in every part of the world. He urged the great, the paramount importance of efforts to counteract the mighty influence of that Popery which has incited even the new Republic France, to engage in crushing the infant spirit of Liberty in Italy by reinstating the authority of the Papal Throne—to counteract the influence of the Greek Church, whose firmest stronghold is in Russia—that great Empire whose giant bulk on the North leans against the North Pole, on the other upon the Uralian Mountains, and whose feet are bathed in the Bosphorus. Our children must be those whose lot it shall be to battle against this mighty array of error, and is it not heavily incumbent upon parents to train the rising generation in the knowledge of the Truth, at every family altar and in every house?

cent a week for giving the Gospel to a ten-thousand people. Another potent influence is the Boarding School, where the Missionaries are brought into still more direct contact with the natives, and where a great amount of good is effected. Dr. Poor closed thus: He had seen many strange things on returning to civilized countries after a thirty-three years' absence, and, coming to this city, he had been astonished to see such an establishment as the Croton Aqueduct, and he had pondered upon it as the fairest emblem of what this Organisation should be. An Institution like this, he continued, should be the Croton Aqueduct of the Missionary Cause. What were the skill and wisdom put forth in the construction of that great work, and he only asked the same relative amount to be expended upon this Organisation. He considered it the very best emblem of what this should be; and desired only the same depth of learning, and the same efficiency of action, the same liberal heartiness of expression, in sending the water of Salvation to every creature in the perishing nations of the earth.

The Missionary Hymn was then sung, the audience standing. Rev. R. S. STARR, Jr., of Brooklyn, followed in a few eloquent remarks. He depicted in glowing language the strength and power of that idolatry which feeds and grants full license to the desires of the human heart. Do you suppose, said he, that such a system as that could be shaken as a man would take a summer twig and shake it with the muscles of his arm?—a system, the life of which, in a thousand manifold forms, circles in all the forms of being—an influence which fills the social life of the Hindoo as the light fills the crystal—and how will you take it out when it is incorporated into all their systems? It is like trying to rend a firmly rooted tree. And yet it is a work that can be done. Truth is harmonious with everything that is beautiful and holy, and there will be some in every community who will be touched by its influence. The light shining at first upon the summit only, will steal more and more upon the valleys beneath, and the most barren soil will in time be rendered fruitful.

Rev. D. T. Stoddard of the Nestorian Mission, next spoke. His remarks were mainly directed to the remarkable outpouring of God's spirit on that people, and he read a number of extracts from letters which he had received from his brethren there. Large numbers have been hopelessly converted, and among these not the least eminent in earnestness and fervor in the Cause of Mar Yohannan, the Nestorian Bishop, whose recent visit to this country will be recollected.

AGRICULTURAL. From the American Agriculturist. WORK FOR MAY, SOUTH.—General Remarks.—This is considered the most important month in the whole year, when we take into account the cultivation of the young growing crops, because much of the future labor will depend on the quality and quantity of the work done now. If it be well done, as it should be, the crops will not so soon become fallow; and if much of it be done, the planter will be able to receive an earlier return. Working Cotton Fields.—Young cotton plants must be cleared out as soon as practicable after the first leaves are developed with the weevil cultivator and hand hoe.

Wooling Cattle.—Keep your corn fields in good order, and free from weeds. Case Fields.—See that your cane fields are kept clean, and as soon as the plants have grown about 15 inches high, a small quantity of earth should be drawn towards them; and in the course of the two succeeding dressings, a bed should be formed for them five or six inches in depth. Tobacco Plants.—The earth around these should frequently be stirred with the plow, cultivator, or hoe, and kept free from weeds. As soon as the plants are sufficiently large, they should be pruned, topped, suckered, and wormed.

Harvesting Winter Grain.—Most of the winter grain that was sown in October last, will require harvesting this month. That to be used for feeding stock should be cut just before it begins to turn yellow; but that left for food should be cut when the grains are in the milk. Still, however, the stalks will have worn their cocoons from the top of the sheath of this month. Those you wish to reel, may be left in the hot sun a day or two, or they may be exposed a few hours in an oven or kiln, heated sufficiently warm to cause the "wax" to melt. These intended to produce eggs for the next crop, must be selected and placed on sheets of moist paper, in a cool, dark room. From 100 to 120 pairs of millers will produce an ounce of eggs. Each female lays from 300 to 500 eggs, averaging about 350. An ounce of eggs contains about 40,000. If well saved from good millers, and safely kept, they will nearly all hatch and produce good worms. Our climate is admirably adapted to the production of the silkworm, as is shown by the fact, that silkworms average 30 to 60 per cent. of the worms are lost in Europe, from climate, food, and disease, scarcely five per cent. are lost in this country. Kitchen Garden.—Plant radish, shallots, lentils, peppers, and generally all that is recommended for April. "The old gardeners of the country," says Mr. Duan, "pretend that nothing will come to perfection if sown in this month." But, from sixteen years' experience at New Orleans, he feels justified in stating that the plants require only to be set further apart, because they grow more vigorously on account of the increased flow of the sap. Fruit Garden.—Strawberries.—Keep the earth loose and clean around your grape vines. Plant and water cuttings of Cape jasmynes. USE OF LIME IN VALETS.—There can be nothing more wasteful to the fertilizing properties of night soil, than throwing quick lime into the privies. It expels the offensive odors, it is true, but these are precisely what are most efficient and desirable as manures. It is a practice only to be tolerated by those who never make any use of the contents of their vaults. The strongly alkaline properties of the lime combine with the carbonic and other acids, already in combination with the ammonia, thus driving off the invaluable fertilizing materials of the latter. Fine charcoal, charred peat, plaster of Paris, sulphuric acid, and common coppies, (sulphate of iron), are the best additions for vaults, where the contents are to be used as fertilizers, as they absorb the gases, ammonia, &c., and retain all for manure. If these are wanting, add dry mold, or peat, tan-bark, or saw-dust, though these are much more bulky than the former, in the ratio of their absorbent power. These may be added from time to time, and when sufficiently accumulated, withdrawn for use. When the earth contiguous to privies is exposed to saturation, by which the earth may be diluted, and thus drained off, the vaults should have perfectly tight boxes, which can be easily drawn out from below as fast as filled.—The addition of wood ashes is to be placed in the same category with lime, though these are not objectionable. The alkalies of the ashes operate in the same way as the stronger and more active alkali of the lime, though in a less intense degree. But the clodders of the ashes are absorbent of the ammonia, thus driving off that they exist, are almost beneficial in this combination.

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The Soul's Casting.

BY C. H. HITCHINGS.

It is ended!—all is over!
 Lo, the weeping mourners come
 Mother, father, friend and lover,
 To the death chamber door,
 Lips are pressed to the blessed
 Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hair in thine
 Hand that no more answers kindly;
 See the eyes were wont to shine,
 Uttering love, now starting blindly;
 Tender speech departed;
 Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
 Warning, brightening every part;
 There it slumbereth cold forever—
 No more merry leap and start,
 No more flashing cheeks to blushing—
 In its silent home the heart!

Hope no answer to your prayer!
 Cold, responsive lips are there,
 Death, that ever will be saying
 Something gentle, something fair,
 Come with never more to us—
 She is with Him elsewhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
 Had you seen the form in her,
 Heard the words she spoke beside her,
 Tender as the look he wore,
 While he proved her how he loved her,
 More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
 To another Father's breast,
 On the wings of love, he bore her—
 To the kingdom of the blest;
 Where, no weeping eyelids keep,
 Dwell the souls in perfect rest.

Friend!—He was a friend that found her
 And comforted her in her grief;
 With a smile, a word, a look,
 As with a heaven-sent guide,
 He led her to the weary part.

Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly—
 When she left thee, loved thee best!
 Love she knew when she was dearly
 In the bosoms of the blest;
 Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
 In the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all have done with weeping!
 I will tell you what He said,
 When he came and found her sleeping—
 On her breast his hand he laid—
 "Sleep, my child, no more to grieve,
 Peace dwells only with the dead."

"Weed with me across the river
 Seems so bitter—'tis so sweet!"
 On whose other shore for ever
 Happy holy spirits greet;
 Grief all over, friend and lover
 In sweet communion meet!

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
 Lover, friend to leave behind?
 All that blessed souls, and other,
 Come with me and those that find—
 Where thy spirit shall inherit
 Perfect love and perfect mind."

"Love that is mortal given
 Struggles with imperfect will;
 Love alone that homes in heaven
 Can thus perfect self fulfill—
 Where, possessing every blessing,
 Still it grows, and greatest still."

"See, I bring this wings to bear thee
 To the blessed angel home;
 Dear ones dead for ever these,
 From thy side no more to roam:
 Love increased, wait thou blessed
 Till the living loved ones come!"

"O'er the river!"—Lo! she faltered
 While he took her in his arms;
 And her blessed face grew altered
 As she heard the sweet command—
 Father! lover! all we loved,
 So she passed to Spirit Land!

From Chambers' Journal.
 Proposals for a Reform in Light Literature.

It seems to be confessed that the great difficulty of the age with respect to light literature is to produce anything new. All the styles and modes of fiction, the Waverley-historic, the Valerio classic, the Udolpho-phantasmic, the horrible, the sentimental, the criminal, the silver-folk, the low, the everything, are totally worn out, and worthless. We know every kind of character that is to be introduced, and every kind of circumstance that can ruffle the course of supposition, and feel, before we advance twenty pages, that it is all barren. Like *Thoume blasé*, we declare we have seen all that before, and turn away from the proffered meal with disgust, albeit perhaps raging with the sacred hunger of amusement. It has occurred to us that something might be done for mankind in these extraordinary circumstances, and we proceed to lay our scheme before a discerning public.

It may be thought a bold idea, in as far as perfectly new; but the longer we reflect upon it, it appears to us the more plausible and novel might after all, make some objection of nature as she is. Many objections might no doubt be ranked up—were it not so, we should not have had novelists neglecting the truth of actual human life so long. In the death and exigency of novelty, some one would have pitched upon this idea if it had appeared readily workable. Still, let us calmly consider. The upturn of such a deep virgin soil could not be attended with a grand vegetation—Surely some of the new plants would prove useful, if not for the conservatory, at least for the kitchen. It would be very strange if something could not be made of them. But let us at once come to particulars.

It is, for instance, a horrid stupidity, this constant straining to bring about a marriage between two common-place young people, with which the curtain may at last be allowed to drop. Suppose we make novels without any silly love affair in them at all, and end the third volume by representing the principal parties as sitting down to dinner instead of preparing to go to church. In actual life, one does not find that marriage is quite looked upon as the *summum bonum*, or that thing for which every other thing is to be sacrificed. We do not find that all the worthy people of our acquaintance are in a ferment of anxiety to get us tied up in life in *Hyacinth* bonds. On the contrary, if we do make up our mind to the venture, we often find these worthy people in some anxiety as to how the affair may turn out. The lady's temper is probably discussed in a disparaging manner; or our own abilities for housekeeping may be a matter of solicitude. At all events, a calm hope may be expressed that we shall have the wisdom to insure upon our life for the benefit of our offspring. Now, such being the manner of nature, why should we continually keep by the opposite in fiction? Let us try a novel for once without a marriageable heroine, or any, one who desires marriage as an object to live for. There are women who scorn the idea of being thought under any anxiety for an establishment, and who would prefer eternal spinsterhood to an alliance brought about by manoeuvring. Let us see such a person introduced into fiction. She could not fail to tell, for her mere novelty in that situation.

It is, again, a very tiresome thing in novels, as at present written, that every person introduced into them must be described as of a certain fixed character, according to use and wont in this department of literature. For example, if a boarding-school keeper is to be amongst the dramatic personae, then that person must be a paragon

of dogmatic pedantry, false pretension, and heartless cruelty. The male boarding-school keeper must be an awful fellow in old-fashioned black attire, with threatening eyebrows, and that Herculean strength which may enable him to execute his own sentences upon the obverses of the boys; the lady boarding-school keeper a concentration of vinegar, verjuice, and deadly nightshade, with a figure like those which flourish in low valleys, and a breast devoid of the slightest tincture of the human kindness. The pupils of both must regularly detest them as a matter of course. Parents and guardians are the unsuspecting victims of a hollow system, in which there is no more true instruction than there is humanity. I cannot, on any ground, see how the public is to be amused by characters thus formed in a set of old moulds, which never were very good at the first, and have at length become wearisome as an Art-Library engraving. I propose telling the truth as a variety which, *ceteris paribus*, must be more entertaining. As to the class of people who keep boarding-schools, every one knows there are many who, so far from being fiends in human shape, are worthy people, performing a duty of great kindness and responsibility with zeal and self-denial, often with very inadequate remuneration, and seldom with a return of kind consideration approaching that which they had bestowed on their pupils. Suppose we were to have painted to us, by way of change, a real boarding-school keeper of the male sex, dressed like other people, and rather attentive to, and popular amongst, the boys—Would it not be something at once fresh and refreshing? There might be plenty of innocent whimsicalities about him, to give him a relish—for such will be found the order of nature. Or let us for once have a fine, bouncing, clever, good-looking, and genial woman, in charge of a finishing school. We know such in life—why should they not be in novels? Anyhow, let us at least be done with the stereotyped pedants and viragos, those dreary monstrosities, which never had an existence, except in fancy, and whom one sees coming on in the advancing pages as you see a horse entering your avenue, or hear him sending his name up stairs.

Certain persons are not only always of certain characters in novels, but they are always represented as in a certain fixed congeniality of circumstances. Every young author comes to London with a tragedy in his pocket, and finds the booksellers tipping him the cold shoulder. Now, in the world of fact, many young authors do not venture on a tragedy, and no considerable number get work from publishers as soon as they are fit for it, if not before. In novels, an author is always a shabby-looking person, of excessive volubility, living in a garret. In fact there are many authors who live in handsome houses, and treat their friends to champagne suppers. In novels, they are always getting into wreathings, because literary merit finds no sort of consideration. In fact we meet occasionally a successful novelist, whose income for several years has exceeded that of the English prime-minister or the American president, though somehow he has nevertheless been obliged, by the usual fate of genius, to seek the protection of the court. Would it not be a capital novelty to give us a well-paid, well-dressed author, whom one could scarcely distinguish from a man of high birth and large fortune, even in the particular of his "difficulties"? Let us have an author who has not written a tragedy. Let us have an author who, in respect of book-sellers, is the drainer instead of the drafter. The freshness of such a character in fiction, would make any book sell. Or give us his ancient co-relative in the worst aspect of an honest man, who scarcely can keep his own amidst the clamors of a set of insatiable literateurs, and we will give three to one on the success of the delineation. As another instance—a governess in fiction is always a hold-down woman of excessive modesty and merit—an unhappy creature, solitary amidst society, and never asked to drink wine. There are in the real world governesses who are exceedingly well treated; some who even take a lead in family matters; not a few who are repressed only on account of their insufferable elegance and forwardness; and a vast number who are simply women of good sense, solicitous to perform their duty in the first place, and only to think of little matters of personal comfort in the second. Now let us have for once in fiction a sensible well-used governess. Let us have a real flesh-and-blood governess of this world, and not the faultless monster in a continual worry because she is not danced with. Everybody must feel how delightfully new such a character would be to the world of the circulating library, and what a chance she would have in comparison with her ideal congeners.

Dealers in fiction might also resolve the propriety of taking somewhat more truthful views of the merits of various sections of society. Suppose that some one were to treat the world one day to a tale in which rich people and people of rank were to be allowed some small sparing investment of the common virtues of humanity. In actual life they have, as a class, their full share of such merits. It cannot be for nothing that the wearers of good clothes, and the possessors of stock in the funds or elsewhere, are called respectable people. Why should we, not then, have a few characters of the upper class in novels whom one could regard without a mere choice between ridicule and execration? A lord who was not a fool, or a duke, or an oppressor of his tenants, would be a charming novelty in fiction. It might be rash to give full allowance of worth and good sense to the people of the Red Book all at once, for perhaps here the public mind has got something of a twist; but a spice of decent intellect and good-meaning might be given by way of a first experiment, and perhaps in time it might be possible to represent wealth as not necessarily connected with heartlessness and imbecility. There might be a corresponding procedure with respect to the lower class of characters. We are tired of concentrations of all that is bright and beautiful in persons who might be expected, from their circumstances to be no better than they should be. Robbers, with wonderful impulses towards angelic excellence, are decidedly falling on the popular taste. Let us have figures from a humble life with something like that mixture of good and evil about them which we find in the actual world. Depend upon it, it would take.

At the first consideration of this proposed reform, it may be feared that actual nature will prove a tamer and duller thing than the Birmingham nature so long resorted to by the dealers in fiction. Some will be ready to say, "All very well to speak of; but truth is stupid; truth is for science, not for art." I beg their pardon; but I must not be dissent from any such view of the matter. I find in real life an endless variety of strange characters and eccentricities, any one of which would make better stuff for the novelist than any of the phantasies

which they have inherited from the tradition of their craft. I have already pointed out how superior certain real sequences of events would be over the hackneyed groupings which the fictionist keeps in stereotype beside him. I feel perfectly clear in saying that I should enjoy in fiction, as I have often done in reality, the spectacle of a boarding-school where there was no stint of bread and butter. What I chiefly plead for, however, is the novelty. It would be like a new world opened up to the pursuit of the naturalist. Even with inferior writing this would tell immensely, with faith in the artist, nothing could stand against it. I believe at least that truth might stand out for a good many years, perhaps the whole of our own time. If it then began to fail in its effect, it would be for posterity to devise something as good.

Plague Scenes at Constantinople.
 After waiting a little while in a large, dirty anteroom, during which time there was a scuffling and running up and down of priests and deacons, who were surprised and perhaps a little alarmed at a visit from so numerous a company of gentlemen belonging to the British embassy, we were introduced into a large square room furnished with a divan under the windows and down two sides of the chamber. The divan was covered with a rough sacking of grey goat's hair—a stuff which is said not to be susceptible of the plague; and people sitting on it, or on the bare boards, are not considered to be "contaminated"—a word of fearful import when that awful pestilence is raging in this neglected city. When any person is compromised, he is obliged to separate from all society, and to place himself in strict quarantine for forty days, at the end of which period, if the fright and anxiety have not brought on the plague, he is received again by his acquaintances. Dealers in oil, and persons who have an open issue on their bodies, are considered safe from the plague as far as they themselves are concerned; but as their clothes will convey the infection, they are as dangerous as others to their neighbors.

There was an old Armenian, who, whether he considered himself invulnerable, or whether poverty and misfortune made him reckless, I do not know; but he set up as a plague-doctor, and visited and touched those who were stricken with the pestilence. Whenever he came down the street, every one would start aside and give him three or four yards of space at least. Sometimes he had men who walked before him and cried to the people to get out of the way. As the old man moved on, in his long, dark robes, shunned with such horror by all, the mind was awfully impressed with the fearful nature of the disease; for if the Prince of Darkness himself had made his appearance in the face of day, no one could have shown greater *stare* at his approach than they did when the men *encre* who that the Armenian plague-doctor was coming down the street.

One peculiarity of the disease is the disinclination which is always shown by those who are plague-stricken to confess that they are so, or even to own that they are ill. They invariably conceal it as long as possible; and even when burning with fever and in agony of pain, they will pretend that they are well, and try to walk about. But this attempt at deception continues for a very short period, for they soon become either delirious or insensible, and generally are unable to move. There is a look about the eye and an expression of anxiety and horror in the face of one who has got the plague, which is not to be mistaken or forgotten by those who have once seen them. One day at Galata I nearly ran against a man who was sitting on the ground on a hand-bier, upon which some Turks were about to carry him away; and the look of the unfortunate man's face haunted me for days. The expression of hopeless despair and agony was indeed too applicable to his case; they were going to carry him to the plague hospital, from whence I never heard of any one returning. It would have been far more merciful to have shot him at once. There are many curious superstitions and circumstances connected with the plague. One is, that when the destroying angel enters into a house, the dogs of the quarter assemble in the night and howl before the door; and the Greeks firmly believe that the dogs can see the evil spirit of the plague, although it is invisible to human eyes. Some people, however, are said to have seen the plague, its appearance being that of an old woman, tall, thin, and ghastly, and dressed sometimes in black, sometimes in white; she stalks along the streets, gliding through the doors of the habitations of the condemned—and walks once round the room of her victim, who is from that moment death-stricken. It is also asserted that, when three small snakes appear on the patient's face, the patient is doomed—he has got the plague, and his fate is sealed. They are called the *plagi*—the pilots and harbingers of death. Some, however, have recovered after these spots have shown themselves.

I had at this time a lodging in a house at Pera, which I occupied when anything brought me to Constantinople from Thessalonica. On one occasion I was sitting with a gentleman whose filial piety did him much honor, for he had attended his father through the horrors of this illness, and he had died of the plague in his arms, when he heard the dogs baying in an unusual way. On looking out of the window there they were of a row, seated against the opposite wall, howling mournfully, and looking up at the house in the moonlight. One dog looked very hard at me, I thought; I did not like it at all, and began to investigate whether I had not some pain or other about me; and this comfortable feeling was not diminished when my friend's Arab servant came into the room, and said that another person who lodged in the house was very unwell; it was said that he had had a fall from his horse that morning. The dogs, though we escaped the plague ourselves, were right; the plague had got into one of the houses close to us in the same street; but how many died of it I did not learn.

It was about this time that two Jews—extortioners, poor men, who consequently nobody cared about—were walking together in a narrow street at Galata, when they both dropped down, stricken with the plague; they lay upon the ground; no one would touch them; and, as the street was extremely narrow, no one could pass that way; it was in effect blocked up by the two unhappy men. They did not die quickly. "The devil was sure of them," the charitable people said, "so he was in no hurry." They lay a long time—many days; people called to them, and put their heads round the corners of the street to look at them. Some, tender-hearted than the rest, got a long pole from a dyer's shop hard by, and pushed a tub of water to them, and threw them some bread, for no one dared approach them. One Jew was quiet; he ate a little bread, and drank some water, and lay still. The other was violent; the pain of his livid swellings drove him wild, and he shouted and raved and twisted

about upon the ground. The people looked at him from the corner, and shuddered as they quickly drew back their heads. He died; and the other Jew still lay there, quiet as before, close to the quiet corpse of his poor friend. For some time they did not know whether he was dead or not; but at last they found he drank no more water and ate no more bread; so they knew that he had died also. There lay the two bodies in the way, till some one paid a hamal—a Turkish porter—who being a staunch Jew, nor Jew, nor Gentile, dead or alive, carried off the two bodies on his back; and then the street was passable again.

The Turks have a touching custom when the plague rages very greatly, and a thousand corpses are carried out daily from Stamboul through the Adrianople gate to the great groves of cypress which rise over the burial-grounds beyond the walls. At times of terror and grief, such as these, the Sheikh Ul Islam causes all the little children to be assembled on a beautiful green hill called the *Oc Maidan*—the Place of Arrows—and there they bow down upon the ground, and raise their innocent voices in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implore His compassion on the afflicted city.—*Curzon's Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.*

Le Vaillant's Monkey.
 It will be obvious, when the life of this restless race is considered, that it is of the utmost consequence that the infant monkey should be protected as much as possible from a fall. Accordingly, the prevailing instinct of a young one is, in sailor's language, to hold on. It clings to its mother with the greatest tenacity, and to enable it to do this, considerable strength is thrown in to the extremities, the anterior limbs especially.

Le Vaillant, in his introduction to his first voyage, gives the following curious instance of the exhibition of this instinct under extraordinary circumstances. When living in Dutch Guiana, at Paramaribo, where he was born, and where he had, already, though very young, formed a collection of insects, the future traveller and his party in one of their excursions had killed a female monkey.

As she carried on her back a young one, which had not been wounded, we took them both along with us; and when we returned to the plantation, my ape had not quitted the shoulders of his mother. I clung so closely to them, that I was obliged to have the assistance of a negro to disentangle them; but scarcely was it separated from her, when, like a bird, it darted upon a wooden block that stood near, covered with its father's pelt, which it embraced with its four paws, nor could it be compelled to quit its position. Deceived by its instinct, it still imagined itself to be on the back of its mother, and under her protection. As I stepped perfectly at ease on the pelt, I resolved also to stay there, and to feed it with some goat's milk. It continued in its error for three weeks, but after that period, emancipating itself from its own authority, it quitted the fostering pelt, and by its amusing tricks became the friend and favorite of the whole family.

Though it is difficult to suppress a smile at the idea of a monkey clinging to a full-bottomed wig-block and fancying it its mamma, the story, as it begins mournfully with the slaughter of the poor mother, ends tragically for her unhappy offspring; it died a terrible death—the result, indeed, of its own mischievous voracity, but in agonies of frightful pain.

"I had, however," continues Le Vaillant, "without suspecting it, introduced the wolf among my locks. One morning, on entering my chamber, the door of which I had been so imprudent as to leave open, I beheld my unworthy pupil gazing at a hegy breakfast on my noble collection." In the first transports of my passion I resolved to strangle it in my arms; but rage and fury soon gave place to pity, when I perceived that its voraciousness had exposed it to the most cruel punishment. In eating the beetles it had swallowed some of the pins on which they were fixed, though it made a thousand efforts to throw them up, all its exertions were in vain. The torture which it suffered made me forget the devastation it had occasioned; I thought only of affording it relief; but neither my tears, nor all the art of my father's slaves, whom I called from all quarters with loud cries, were able to preserve its life.

To return to the instinct exemplified in the first part of this melancholy tale, we remember to have seen a female monkey and her young one in the cage of a menagerie, and a small cage, too. In this case the instinct—and it was a good example of the wide difference between that quality and reason—both on the part of the mother and her offspring, was just as strong as it could have been in their native forests. The young one clung as tightly, and the mother showed as much anxiety lest it should be dashed to pieces by a fall whilst she was ditting at the bottom of her cage, which rested on the ground, as if she had been swinging with the breeze upon the tree top.—*Broderip's Zoological Recreations, just published by Lea & Blanchard.*

Little Things.
 Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment. They come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence—they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity to little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.—*Penelope.*

Increasing Indignity of the Newspaper Press.

Before this century shall have run out, Journalism will be the whole press, the whole human thought. Since that prodigious multiplication, art has given to speech, a thousand-fold yet, mankind will write their book day by day, hour by hour, page by page. Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of light; instantly conceived, instantly written, instantly understood, at the extremities of the earth, it will spread from pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervor of soul which made it burst forth, it will be the reign of the human world in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to mature, to form of a book; the only book will arrive too late. The only book known to-day is a newspaper.—*Lamarine, Polity of Reason.*

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow's Kavanagh.*

Agnes Sorel and the Maid of Orleans.

At length the trumpets were heard to sound without the city gate—that sound, that had so lately been the harbinger of death and misery, now announced a people's joy and a prince's triumph. They were resounded to from within; and the shouts of thousands of voices rent the air, as the citizens of Paris leading the procession emerged from the dark vault of the gateway, and crossed the bridge. The long line swept on across the crowd and up the Rue St. Denis—magistrates, university professors, students, troops, corporations, nobles, and all the arrangements of a festive splendor were forgotten, even the little angels with their golden galleons, at length three figures appeared, side by side, upon the bridge. "Noël!" was shouted on every side. In the midst rode Charles VII. of France, in full armor, his fair hair sullied by many a battle field, but his fair hair still streaming in luxuriant curls from beneath his helmet. His form was now one of manliness; but his physiognomy had not fully lost that charm of tenderness it once had worn. He bowed gracefully around him. On one side rode a fair and beautiful woman, delicate and frail, with eyes formed to love and be adored. There were few who did not recognize in her the beautiful Agnes Sorel, the beloved of the king. But on the other side rode one on whom all eyes were fixed with astonishment and awe. It was a female of a bolder, stouter make, and of a less courtly presence. Her features were more rough, and wore an air of sternness. Beneath her dark brows gleamed forth a pair of pale eyes that seemed to flash with an almost superhuman phosphoric fire; but noble, and great, and inspired was that physiognomy. That she was no common woman the first glimpse must have told—were she not an angel of light, she must have been a demon of darkness; for on the almost rude features was that (scent of great things, good or bad, past and to come, that could not be denied. Her face was bronzed, her head was bare; a helmet hung upon her saddle-bow. The upper part of her person was clad in armor, which she bore with the ease and vigor of a man. In her right hand she stretched forth the sacred flame, the traditional banner of France, taken from the cathedral of St. Denis. People could not cry "Noël!" to her, as she rode on. Their tongues appeared tied with awe. But many sank upon their knees; and others bowed their heads, and all blessed her name. They knew it was Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, the deliverer of the country. Men marvelled, and could not sufficiently feast their eyes upon her as she came slowly forward, with her look fixed aloft. It was a strange and wondrous apparition, such as only that one page of history can show.—*The City of Paris, a London Novel of the last season.*

How Peppy Answered Bracton in the Absence of His Wife.

2nd. 41. Now comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter, and Knipp, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and showed them all to be seen there, and among other things the crown and sceptres and rich plate, which I never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence we went to the Temple, and there to the Cock and Lobster, and drank and ate a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the king's coronation day. And there she and I drank; and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruins at St. Dunstan's I was met by two rogues with clubs, who came towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the wall, and got well home and to bed, weary but pleased with my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expense and time I lose.—24th. At noon, home to dinner, where my wife, still in a melancholy fusty humor, and crying, and do not say plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and enquiring people abroad every day in her absence; and that I can not help but the storm will break out in a little time.—*New edition of Peppy's Diary.*

The Spirit of Peace.

Where hath the spirit of peace his home?
 Loves he o'er earth or ocean to roam?
 He dwells in the deep-sequestered glade,
 Where the forest's step hath a fourthmate made;
 Where the bird's song is the sweetest of all,
 And the breeze that sighs through the forest hall,
 To his "Hush!" makes answer, "Hush!"
 By the river pool 'neath the waterfall,
 Where the rock-springs trees have formed a veil,
 Solon and dark, and the depth below,
 As he beats his magic flow.
 Where hidden wild-flowers scent the air—
 Be sure the spirit of peace is there.

By the summer's sea he loves to dwell,
 And to note its crested billows swell,
 Or to list the music ocean makes
 When his wave the ebbing's echo wakes;
 Or to mark each ship go proudly by,
 Like a sea-king in his glory;
 Or to reckon the snowy shafts that swim,
 Like comets far off and dim,
 Where the calm sea blends with the calmer air—
 The spirit of peace be sure is there.

In the highland vale, where the lake lies low,
 Reclined by hills of lasting snow;
 Where the stream that gladdens the valley creeps,
 Murmuring through the clump of dark and deep;
 Where the red deer stares from the forest forth,
 Ere he bounds away to the trackless north;
 Where the primrose lily with eager gaze
 Looks out on the stranger who treads its ways;
 Where the forest and the mountain love to roam—
 There, in the vale, the spirit of peace has home.

In the woods at even when the birds are still,
 And hush is heard but the tiny rill,
 Which moon and night make music sweet,
 As it leaps its brother rill to meet;
 Where the night is seen by the straining eye,
 But the trees like species standing by;
 I have met with the woodman's lowly cot,
 Where he thought that the home of man was not;
 I have heard his evening prayer and prayer,
 And I felt that the spirit of peace was there.

When the country lies in Sabbath rest,
 And the fields are in golden beauty dressed;
 When the church-bell's notes o'er the valley
 Come like the voice of a father inviting home;
 When the aged man is thoughtful seen,
 Where the graves of his early friends lie green;
 Round the village church in many a heap,
 Each with its tomb in a hope repair,
 And the spirit of peace shall meet you there.

Life demands so much from us, so much endurance and sacrifice! The worst of life is that we all live on this earth for the first time. Everything is new; no one gets accustomed to the perpetual surprises—at best only accustomed to be surprised. Even the old, the daily recurring, finds us every day out in one case. The hedgehog is properly a nocturnal carnivorous animal; he prowls about at night, like an owl, looking after the nests of pheasants, partridges, corn-cracks, and larks: he kills the old ones if he can, and sucks their eggs if he can't, now and then he overruns a rabbit; but his

The First Morning Call in the Bush.

"After the first days' novelty, and till habit rectified it, the bush was felt to be lonesome; Mrs. Bracton and the young ladies, therefore, were quite delighted as one fine day about noon they pointed out to each other a lady on horseback, in a light amber-colored habit, riding slowly up the road from the point of the hill toward the house. The horse had an awkward trick—unless, indeed, it were occasioned by the rider's method of managing the bridle—of holding his mouth aloft and wide open, as if perpetually endeavoring to swallow the bit. Behind the lady, at some distance, rode a servant, in a blue jacket but no waistcoat, a pair of Paramatta trousers, without stockings or gaiters, unpollished lace-up, and a hat. The visitor hastened to announce herself to Mrs. Bracton as 'Mrs. Smart, Mem—of Smartville, Mem—near Ghigang, Mem.' Although Mrs. Bracton could not comprehend precisely what particular of the definition was conveyed by the syllable 'mem,' she cordially invited her kind and considerate neighbor into her poor habitation. 'Am so glad you have come to this part of the country, Mem. I'm so in want of a female friend, oh! you can't think, Mem.' (Here there was a pause; which not eliciting the expected rejoinder, the visitor resumed with great pathos.) 'Husbands, Mem, have got their faults, that nobody knows of but their wives. I am sure you must have felt it yourself, Mrs. Bracton, Mem. Mariann turned with uplifted hands to her cousin, and exclaimed, 'Isn't that awful? What will mamma do? We had better go in to her.' But before she came to the rescue of her mother, the lady of Smartville was heard again. 'The two young ladies who, I suppose, Mem—of Smartville, Mem—replied Mrs. Bracton, with a very carefully modulated tone. 'The tallest of them is my niece,' 'Oh! I see, Mem; a poor relation. We ought to take care of our poor relations. Makes me ask, I've got poor relations of my own. I send home my little boy's cast shoes and socks every year, regular (that is, when I can find anybody that's going) to my sister. 'Mrs. Smart, Mem, said Katherine, who saw that something must be done to bring the present state of affairs to an early conclusion as possible, and had risen and set the tray with some refreshments, 'you have a long way to ride back, and the days are getting very short now; pray make a hearty luncheon before you start off.' Mrs. Smart hastened to take Katherine at her word. 'I suppose you've haven't got a speaking, Mrs. Smart, how ever, inquired almost immediately. 'No, we have not,' said Katherine. 'We have yet only just what we could get into our boxes, coming by the mail. 'Oh!' proceeded Mrs. Smart, 'you can get anything you want at the township. They have everything at the stores, from a needle to an anchor. It's an old Jew, Miss, that keeps it. Such an ugly old man! I wonder the prisoners some of these nights don't break in and murder him, and take all he's got. But there, it's no use talking, the devil's children will have the devil's luck. They're a dreadful set, Mem, these convicts; you must flog, flog, or else they'll do nothing. There's nothing to be done too heavy for them; anything that's an inch high or an hour old, only leave it in their way and I'll go back you never clap eyes on it again.'—*Story of an Australian Settler.*

Brian Borohme's Story.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Borohme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his heir, but Donagh having murdered his brother, Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanciarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon of Glenagh in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Connelor of M'Namara, of Limerick. In 1781 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Connam, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red silk—the extremity of the uttermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone now lost.—*Illustrated Free Press.*

The Hedgehog.

Begging pardon of naturalists for such an "education," I can't help saying that I think a great many folks have been told about the hedgehog. In the first place, the old wives' fables about sucking cows, and so forth, were so horribly unbelievable, and yet so damaging to little hogg's reputation with the vulgar, that the more erudite and more humane became his patrons and apologists, and made much more of him than he deserves. Dear old White of Selborne must have been taking a nap when he told us about hogg's liking for plain roots. The manner, says White, in which hedgehogs eat the roots of the plain in my grass walks is very curious; with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are very serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed. Boy and man this passage tormented me many years, because I knew hogg to be a bloodthirsty poacher, a regular knight-errant for attacking vipers, and a tyrant over all manner of mice and such small deer, and I thought it passing strange that he should take to cooling his copper with the roots of the old gentleman's plants. However, the tastes of pigs and men are every now and then some eccentric; so I left the matter *sub judice*, until chance solved the mystery. In a grass walk I saw some flattened plants of the common plantain withering and half dead; by the side of each I found the hole, bored, as White supposed by the long upper mandible of the hogg; but it was scarcely big enough to admit a lead-pencil, and so round and smooth, that I said directly to myself, 'Tis the burrow of a night-eating caterpillar.' I got a trowel, and in a trice the fellow was unearthed, and he afterwards turned to a ghost-moth, or yellow underwing. I can't say which, for both came out in one case. The hedgehog is properly a nocturnal carnivorous animal; he prowls about at night, like an owl, looking after the nests of pheasants, partridges, corn-cracks, and larks: he kills the old ones if he can, and sucks their eggs if he can't, now and then he overruns a rabbit; but his

favorite dish is a snake, or an adder—he catches these while dozing under cover, and suffering from repletion caused by four or five mice lying undigested in their stomachs, it is then that these desperate fights ensue: it is then that his armor stands hogg in good stead: the deadly adder, infuriated at feeling hogg's teeth griping his back, lashes his head against a skin less vulnerable than that once said to have been worn by Mr. Achilles. The pluck and power of both are tried to the utmost, but hogg is almost sure to triumph in the end, and the adder, half devoured, is often found next morning by the countryman, who wonders 'how he come so mangled.' I take it that the spiny coat of the hedgehog is nature's defence against the poison fangs of his favorite prey.—*Letters of Rusticus.*

A Beautiful Picture.

She arrived at the Pond a little before sunset. She fed her chickens, she squired and robin. Her own supper she made of strawberries and milk in her wooden bowl and spoon. She answered as best she was able the inquiries and banters of her family about her day's adventure. The evening air was inviting, and her own heart was full of life; and she took a stroll up to the 'Indian's Head.' This was nearly a hundred feet above the Pond—beyond the Pond extended a